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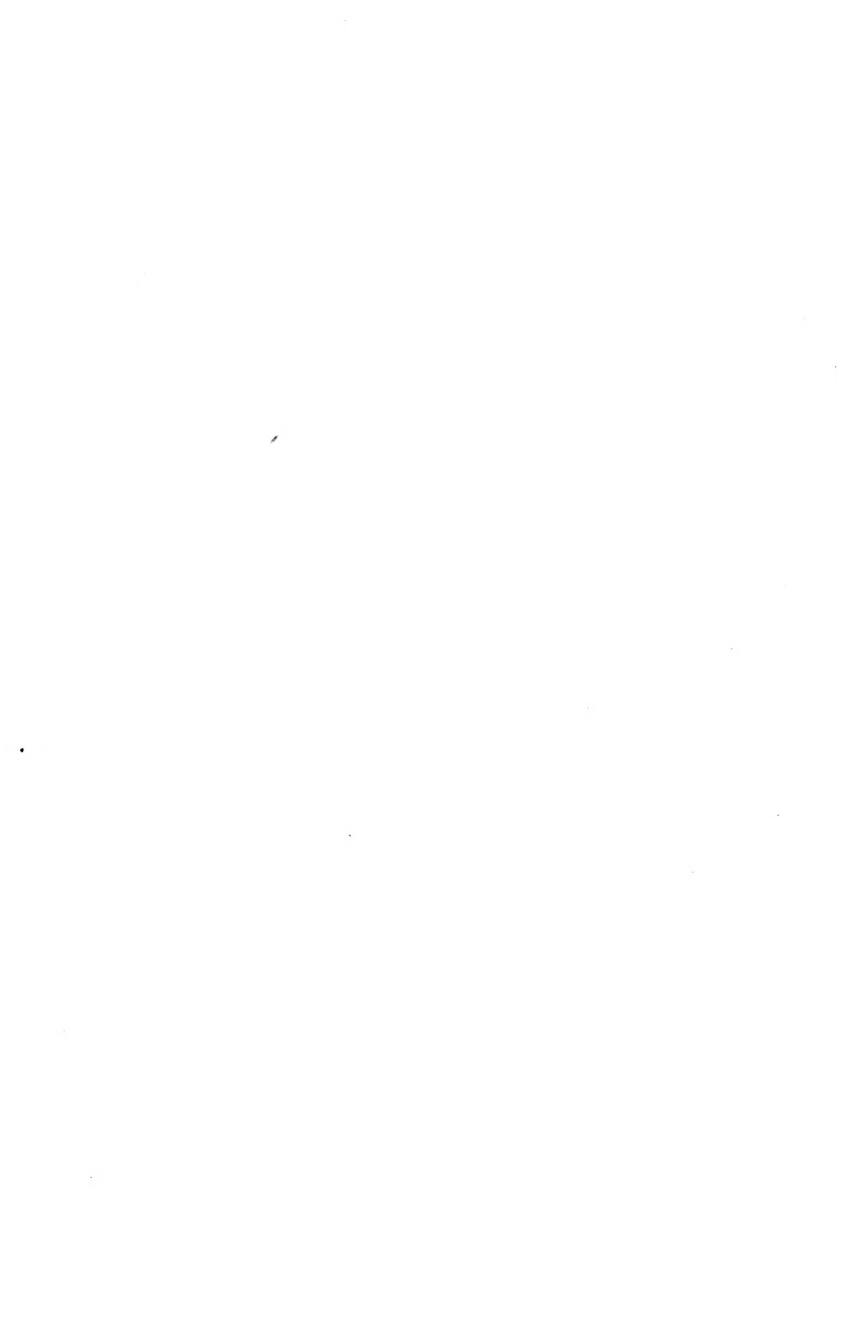
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SONNETS

AND

A DREAM

BY

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON

Second Edition



THOMAS WHITTAKER

2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW-YORK

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NOTE.

The Author's acknowledgments are due to the publishers of *The Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Outlook*, and *The Spectator* for permission to reprint such of his Sonnets as were originally contributed to the pages of these periodicals. With respect to the Sonnet "*Does America hate England?*" it is proper to say that it was written while the animosities enkindled by the Venezuela dispute were still flagrant, and long before the billing and cooing with which the international atmosphere is now vocal had begun; in fact, a London journalist had at the time opened his columns to a solemn discussion of the question which gives the poem its title. To clear the last piece in the book from a certain flavor of plagiarism which might otherwise cling to it, the Author ventures to add that the verses had been written and were in private circulation a year before the poem which they have been thought to resemble appeared.

W. R. H.

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SONNETS OF EARTH AND SKY.

TELLUS.

HY here, on this third planet from the Sun,
Fret we and smite against our prison-bars ?

Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars
Mourn we our sins, the things undone and done ?
Where was the soul's bewildering course begun ?

In what sad land among the scattered stars
Wrought she the ill which now for ever scars
By bitter consequence each victory won ?
I know not, dearest friend, yet this I see,

That thou for holier fellowships wast meant ;
Through some strange blunder thou art here ; and we
Who on the convict ship were hither sent
By judgment just, must not be named with thee
Whose tranquil presence shames our discontent.

THE COLD METEORITE.



W HILE through our air thy kindling course
was run

A momentary glory filled the night ;

The envious stars shone fainter, for thy light
Garnered the wealth of all their fires in one.

Ah, short-lived splendor ! journey ill-begun !

Half-buried in the Earth that broke thy flight,

No longer in thy brodered raiment dight,
Here liest thou dishonored, cold, undone.

“ Nay, critic mine, far better ’t is to die

The death that flashes gladness, than alone,
In frigid dignity, to live on high ;

Better in burning sacrifice be thrown
Against the world to perish, than the sky
To circle endlessly a barren stone.”

LOVE'S ORBIT.



HE punctual Earth unto the self-same bound
Whence she essayed, a twelvemonth gone,
to run

Her planetary course about the sun,
To-day returneth, having filled her round.
Yet in her heart no fretful thought is found
That she must needs re-seek the prizes won,
Afresh begin the task so oft begun ;
Joyous she hears the starter's trumpet sound.
So, sweet heart, though Love's travel, year by year,
Must ever through remembered spaces lie,
Streaked with monotony of day and night,—
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,—have no fear ;
For we shall love Love's orbit, thou and I,
And in the blessed sameness find delight.

AUTHORITY.



LAUNCHED upon ether float the worlds
secure.

Naught hath the truthful Maker to conceal.

No trestle-work of adamant or steel
Is that high firmament where these endure.
Patient, majestic, round their cynosure
In secular procession see them wheel ;
Self-poised, but not self-centered, for they feel
In each tense fibre one all-conquering lure.
And need I fret me, Father, for that Thou
Dost will the weightiest verities to swing
On viewless orbits ? Nay, henceforth I cleave
More firmly to the CREDO ; and my vow
With readier footstep to thine altar bring,
As one who counts it freedom to believe.

SONNETS OF COUNTRY.

“DOES AMERICA HATE ENGLAND?”

1897.



ARE to love England? And to say so? Yes.
Though the Celt rage, and every half-breed
scowl;

Though Hun and Finn and Russ and Polack howl
Their malediction, coddled by a Press
Alert at cursing, indolent to bless,

Unheedy which shall prosper, fair or foul,
So that the trough run over, and a growl
Of fierce approval soothe its restlessness.

For from thy loins, O Mother, sped the souls

That dreamed the greater England. Not in vain
Their sweat of blood. To-day the smoke-cloud rolls

Off high Quebec, while from the Spanish Main
The requiem-bell of buried empire tolls,—

Their old world's loss, our new world's affluent gain.

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

1897.



AR in the offing, sharp against the blue,
Six firm-webbed, stately swans they hold
their way,

Skirting Mount Désert of an August day,
Cruiser and battleship in sequence due,
On dress-parade, slow-steaming for review.

Which destiny is theirs? Only to play
At war? Or likelier, shall we say,
For cause, at last, their long reserve break through?
Yet, should the guns of the Republic speak,

I would they spake with judgment. Be their lips
Mutely indifferent to the Jingo's nod,
Stern towards the cruel, potent for the weak,
Aflame to guard the honor of the ships,
And shotted with the arguments of God.

AFTER SANTIAGO.

1898.



WITH folded arms, my Country, speak thy will.
Clean be those hands of thine from smirch
of trade.

Let the sheathed sword hang idle. They persuade
The baser course, who, not content to kill,
Would carve out cantles of the spoil, and fill
The sacred edge of that victorious blade
With stain of plunder. Never was there made
The sword that could be knife and weapon still.
Thou sawest God's angel at the anvil stand
And forge the steel. He smote it blow on blow.
Wrathful he seemed ; yet ever from above
He stooped, the while, and swiftly dipt the brand
In tears, yea, tears ; that he might make thee know
How vain were vengeance unannealed by love.

SONNETS OF
DOUBT AND FAITH.

“NO MORE SEA.”



UNREST my birthright is. I cannot choose
But rock and toss at angry ocean's will.
For if, at times, my shallop lying still
Seem somewhat of its restlessness to lose,
'T is but a sign that balanced on the wave
It for a moment hangs, the next to fall
Deep in the trough where many a dolorous call
Of tempest-voices mocks the untimely grave.
Meanwhile, I sit beside the helm and mark
The scanty stars that peer amid the rifts ;
Nor loosen hold ; it may be that my barque
Shall come at last to where God's city lifts
Her lucid walls, and beckoneth through the dark ;
“There shall be no more sea,” her best of gifts.

FREE WILL ?



ASTWARD the vessel plunged ; her high-
flung spray
A trysting-place for rainbows ; every thrill
And throb of the huge monster winning still
For the tossed cloud some newly-broken ray
From the cold sunshine of that autumn day ;
Type, thought I, of the phantasies which fill
These hearts of ours, persuading that “ I will ”
Is somewhat other than plain “ I obey.”
Then, ere the prow had scaled another ridge,
Murmuring “ At least this deck’s length must be
free,”
And thinking to pique Fate by counter-choice,
Westward I walked ; but Fate still conquered me ;
“ Due East ! ” the captain thundered from the bridge.
“ Due East it is, Sir,” came the steersman’s
voice.

ANIMA NATURALITER CHRISTIANA.

(Tertullian : Apologia c. XVII.)



HIGH in a corner of my study glooms
A nut-brown corbel, rough-hewn out of teak,
From some far island fetched where traders
seek

Wealth of rare spices, languorous perfumes,
Gems, and the silken yield of antique looms
By dusky fingers tended. With her beak
Deep in her breast, a pelican, the meek
Type of that mother-love which gladly dooms
Itself to perish, if so be the brood
Die not, is seen, puissant, trampling down
Man's foe, the dragon. Surely the swart clown,
Who skilled this marvel, mystic vision caught
Of that which precious makes the precious blood ;
Proven a Christian by the work he wrought.

JÆL.

“Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.” *Judges v, 24.*



HAT? “Blessed above women in the tent”

Shall Jael, Heber’s wife, the Kenite be?

A murderess blessed? Nay, no murderess
she;

Judith and Charlotte on like errand went.

Doubtless some angel of God’s wrath had sent

The tyrant to her. Should his voiceless plea,—

“I am thy guest,” avail to hold him free

From the sharp stroke of long-earned punishment?

Nay, mercy for the merciless were waste;

Not thus doth Israel’s jealous God requite.

Whoso sheds blood of man, upon his head

Falls doom of blood. Then, stealthily, in haste,

She grasped the hammer, smote the nail with might,

And, lo, there at her feet lay Sisera dead.

Jael and Mary.

“And the angel came in unto her and said, Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.”

St. Luke i, 28.



ES, blessed above “women in the tent.”

But time hath struck the tent and built the
home.

The benediction lapses. She is come
Who sets the loftier mark. Old veils are rent,
And far predictions cleared by late event.

As mist of morning, as the light sea-foam,

Passes the glory of the tribes that roam,
And all the force of Jael's blow is spent.

Come Mary with thy lily, with thy dove;

Thy better blessing, more effulgent day;

Forgotten be the hammer and the nail.

Come, guide us with the sceptre of thy love:

Stronger the lips that plead than hands that slay.

Kenite, Farewell! Mother of Jesus, Hail!

RENUNCIATION.




LOOKED at sunset forth upon the lake,
And said with scorn, “’T is scarcely hard
for them

To boast their dullness and this world contemn
Who love not beauty for her own sweet sake.
But as for me a mightier Christ must wake
In all my veins, and from his garment’s hem
A virtue pass not hid in graven gem,
Ere I such sweet enchantment can forsake.”
For all the West was golden on the hill ;
And down the slope the boweréd gardens lay,
With blossoms red, just silvered where the rill
Dropt towards the lake, and dropping seemed to say,
“Cease thy vain struggle, self-deceivéd will ;
Thy fetters learn to love, thy fate obey.”

“VISITING GOD.”

“My duty towards God is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength: . . . to call upon Him:”

Church Catechism.

“OWARDS God, what is thy duty, Margot dear?”

“My duty is to love Him,” she replied,

“With heart and mind and soul, with strength
beside:

To worship Him, to give Him thanks, to fear,

To visit Him,”—“Nay, child, the word is here

To ‘call on’ Him.” “Well, Auntie, have it so;

They mean the same.” Thus art thou taught to
know,

Sad soul of mine, a lesson wondrous clear.

Grass-grown the path and tangle-tost with thorn

That leadeth to his threshold Who hath said,—

“Come, for the feast is ready, come to Me.”

For I have feared Thee, Father, and forlorn

Have dwelt afar, an-hungered for thy bread;

But now, heart-whole, I rise to “visit” Thee.

THE FACE OF THINGS.



HEARKENED to the preacher from his
perch

Glibly declaring the great Maker good ;
The ban a blessing if but understood ;
The frown a smile ; the seeming-evil lurch
Of Nature's gait a steady walk to church,
Did we but read her motions as we should.
God had made all things beautiful,—and could
A weightier proof of goodness crown our search ?
I looked ;—a shaft of random sunshine, shot
Across the listeners, chanced to smite a face,
Alas, too well remembered. In the array
Of loveliest women lovelier there is not,—
And yet a tigress. “ Priest,” I cried, “ Thy case
Is argued ill ; the hard fact says thee Nay ! ”

THE HEART OF THINGS.



HICK sprang the briers about her tender feet,
On either side and underneath they grew ;
She murmured not, but with a courage true
Pressed on as if the pathway had been sweet.
And now and then she stooping plucked a thorn,
And wove it in the meshes of her hair.
“Hath she no gems that she should choose to wear
So sharp a diadem ?” they asked in scorn.
But as she nears her journey’s ending, lo !
A folded door is suddenly flung wide ;
Out on the dark great waves of splendor flow,
Flooding the thicket with effulgent tide.
And now the pilgrim’s crown looks all aglow,
The thorns still thorns, but, ah ! how glorified !

LOWLANDS.



AS one who goes from holding converse sweet
In cloistered walls with great ones of the
past,

And steps, enwrapt in visions high and vast,
To meet his fellows in the noisy street ;
So we, descending from the mountain's height,
Feel strange discordance in the world below.

Is this the calm that there enchanted so ?
It cannot be that we beheld aright.

But courage ! not for ever on the mount ;
Far oftener in the valley must we move ;
The things that lie about us learn to love,
And for the work allotted us account ;
Content if, now and then, we track above
The tumbling waters to their placid fount.

SONNETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

LATE HARVESTS.



THREESCORE and ten have ripened to four-score ;

The shadows longer reach ; the sunset nears ;

But He who fills the measure of thy years
Full to the brim, pressed down and running o'er,
Sows as He gathers, scatters while He reaps ;

Counting the fruitage of the life we see
Only as seed of harvests yet to be
In the fair fields his lovingkindness keeps.
To Him we look. To whom if not to Him ?

For little hath He left in age to thee,
And little hath He left in youth to me,
Save his own promise that the eyes here dim
With mists of sorrow shall have vision free,
And lips now silent pour their morning hymn.

ISAAC.

“And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.”
Genesis xxiv, 63.



LONELY spirit by sad thought oppress,
With few to comfort, none to understand,
The son of Abram thirsted for the land
Where there remaineth for God's people rest ;
The far-off land beyond the sunset's glow,
The golden land where happy saints abide,
And oft-times in the field at eventide
He questioned with himself, and longed to go.
Why should he tarry ? She whom best he knew,
Whom most he prized, whose love no shade of doubt
Had ever touched, so fond it was and true,
No more among the tents went in and out,
But where the oaks on Ephron's acre grew
Lay silent, sepulchred by hands devout.

ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

“And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah’s tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death.” *Genesis xxiv, 67.*




UPON his gloom her smile like sunshine fell;
Into his life her voice with music came;
From out dead embers sprang a living flame;
The thirsty camels, at her father’s well,
Drank not more eagerly, beneath the spell
Of her sweet presence, waters that she drew,
Than he her love, whose worth none other knew,
And known was wealthier than tongue might tell.
Her meekness hallows every slightest deed,
Her quick compliance half-way meets his will,
Her anxious care foreknows his every need,
Her patience waits upon his weakness still.
No longer sorrow’s slave, now shall he lead
Such life as doth all righteousness fulfill.

“AMONG THE KINGS.”

“And they buried him . . . among the kings.”

II Chronicles xxiv, 16.

“ES, lay him down among the royal dead.
His steady hand no more the censer swings.
Room for this priest beside the bones of
kings,
For kingly was he, though a priest,” they said.
Great-hearted friend ! thee, too, we counted bred
For priesthood loftier than the tardy wings
Of souls content with songs the caged bird sings
Are wont to soar to. Thine it was to wed
Far-sundered thoughts in amity complete ;
With Christ’s own freedom fettered minds to free ;
To thrid the darkling paths where timid feet
Faltered and slipped. Oh, it was not in thee
To blanch at any peril ! Then most meet
That thou among the kings shouldst buried be.

CYPRESS AND HOLLY.



CROSS the voice of children piping clear
Their welcome carols to the Prince of Peace,
Broke sudden-sharp a cry that bade us cease
From wreath and song and all the season's cheer ;
For lo ! unto our feast had one drawn near
Who with the Christmas angels mateth ill ;
And there had faded from that presence chill
A life just made by new life doubly dear.
Then through the church of All Saints, now most still,
This sentence sounded on a listening ear :
“Peace ! It is well ! Even thus must she fulfill
His purpose whom we worship without fear.
The first of brides to speak her promise here,
She leaves us at the heavenly Bridegroom's will.”

THE HOUSE MOTHER OF ST. FAITH'S.



THE throne, the crown, the sceptre,—have
we lost,
In losing these, the queen? I tell you Nay.

Vanished the baubles, but in endless stay
Abides the queenship; holding not by boast
Of armored fleet, or quartered shield, or ghost
Of right divine, or by a long array
Of maxims of the law, but in their way
Who seeming least to rule us, rule us most.
Her crown a circlet of transfigured thorn,
Her throne the lowliest seat, her rod
A southern lily, and her realm a home,—
She lived among us queen by grace of God
Unto the purple through the Spirit born.
Hearken ye, daughters! Hear ye not her
“Come”?

THE PLOUGH IN THE FURROW.



RIEND of the open hand, the genial eye,
The lip that faltered never,— where art
thou ?

We cannot think thee idle, though the plough
Half-way the furrow thus forsaken lie.
Thou didst not loose thy grasp for lack of high
And purposeful endeavor, for till now
No laggard glance from under that clear brow
Fell backwards cast. Oh, why then wouldst thou die ?
Thus broke the answer: “God hath other fields
Than those ye know. His sunlight and his rain
Fall not alone on the remembered earth ;
But here, as there, the duteous harvest yields
Reward to all ; and I am glad again,
Tilling the land of this my newer birth.”

FROM GREEN MOUNTAIN.


I.



WO seas our eyes beheld — one dark, one
light ;
And one above the other ; for a screen
Of billowy cloud lay, level-poised, between
Ocean and sky, in undulation white
As snows of Zembla. Half-way up the height
That caps Mount Désert, spell-bound by the scene,
We stood and marvelled. Had there ever been,
Since Israel's pilgrim march, so weird a sight ?
Meanwhile the sailors, beating to and fro
On shadowed waters, dreamed not of the still,
Pellucid beauty of that upper day ;
Their captive eyes saw only from below,
While we, from our sheer lookout on the hill,
Scanned either level, happier-placed than they.

FROM GREEN MOUNTAIN.

II.

 RIEF our advantage ; presently the sun,
Nearing the noon-mark, gathered all his
might,

And smote those vapors till they broke in flight ;
Not hastily, (for panic there was none,)

But with slow movement eastward, one by one,

The cloud battalions drifted from our sight,

Till everywhere, from verge to verge, was light ;
And those below saw clear, as we had done.

God shows enfranchised spirits, such as thine,


Dear friend, dear brother, who beside me stood

That morning on the mount, both sides of things :
The dim, the bright ; the earthly, the divine.

Spirits in shadow see but one. Oh, would

The days were born of which the Sibyl sings !

GARONDA.*

“EACE to this house.” More quick than
echoes are,
Attendant voices bring the sure reply.
“Peace,” sings the brook. “Peace,” the great
fir-trees sigh.
“Peace,” say the ancient mountains from afar,—
While broods above their purple rim the star
Earliest to trespass on the evening sky,
As if intent to utter, ere she die,
A blessing earth might neither make nor mar.
Garonda, to these benedictions grand
Would I mine own in humble sequence add,—
May He who maketh sorrowful, yet maketh glad,
Bless thee with blessings more than we can dream;
“Gate of the mountains,” opened by that hand,
Thou a Gate Beautiful shalt grow to seem.

* “Garonda” — *Gate of the Mountains*; a country-house overlooking the Adirondacks.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.



NOT like the alchemist, in mystic cell
Attent on transmutation, make we bold
By sudden touch to startle into gold
What common were, did not such stroke compel.
But, as the wand of evening knows full well
How from slant sunbeams when the clouds are
rolled
Against the West to draw the tints they hold,
(Hues unresponsive to noon's feeble spell,)
So from the wealth of half a hundred years,
The stored-up love of household and of kin,
The total of all wedlock's joys and tears,
Time lures, to-day, the lustre hid within.
What slumbered wakes, what latent was appears,
For, lo, these lives have always golden been.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND.
A DREAM.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

A DREAM.



FROM ridge to ridge of ocean, all day long,
Lifted and pushed by giant arms and strong
Full puffs of giant breath, our ship had sped
With only blue beneath and blue o'erhead.
Then, as I westward gazing watched the day
In brightening color burn its life away,
My thought ran out beyond the twilight rim
Breathed into shape half canzonet, half hymn.

I.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is King?

I hear the click of wheels, and mark
The solemn pendulum of Nature swing
From dark to light, from light to dark,
And wonder who is King?

II.

Ah ! whither moves the world, and who is King ?
Tell me, ye mountains, stands the throne
In some high solitude where eagle's wing
Or the wild goat's quick foot alone
May find the hidden thing ?

III.

Ah ! whither moves the world, and who is King ?
Thou watchful star that dost patrol
The regions of the twilight, canst thou bring,
Through heavenly space, my vision to the goal
Of earth's long wandering ?

IV.

Ah ! whither moves the world, and who is King ?
Doth iron Doom the sceptre keep ?
Or golden Love ? No answer can I wring
From earth or sky. Mysterious Deep,
Dost thou know who is King ?

Scarce had the sea-breeze snatched the questioning cry,
Before a voice, not loud, but wondrous clear,
And heavenly sweet withal, gave back reply,—
“Voyager, take heart. The Hand that holds the
sphere

Shall wisely guide. The night is deepening here ;
But pass with me yon faint horizon's ring
And thine own eyes shall tell thee who is King.”

Eager to catch the fashion of a lip

Whose spoken word such gentle trespass made,
I instant turned ; when, lo, the laboring ship,
As if a mystic spell were on her laid,
Began straightway to shrivel, shrink, and fade,
And masts and spars and shrouds and smoke-stack all,
As in a sick man's dream, grew small, and small ;

Until within a tiny skiff alone,

Still heading towards the East, I seemed to be,
How moved I know not, up that pathway strewn
With spangles of bright silver, largess, She,
Empress of waters, Queen of oceans three,
Flings from her chariot to the subject waves,
To charm them to forget themselves her slaves.

Thus o'er the darkling reaches of the sea
We shot our moonlit course, the Voice and I,
For though he spake no other word to me,
By subtlest sympathy I knew him nigh,
As friends who sit and watch the embers die
On some old hearth-stone, all the closer feel,
While night and silence slowly on them steal.

Full on the bow at last rose up a cliff,—
An island-cliff, majestic, solemn, lone :
And much I marvelled, Would my fragile skiff
Be shattered on the inhospitable stone,
And all my hope of looking on the throne
Be shattered too, and I, a shipwrecked thing,
Perish forlorn, nor ever see the King ?

Then, as I braced me for the approaching shock,
And through the dimness strained my eyes to see
If anywhere the edges of the rock
Gave hope of foothold or escape for me ;
A sudden clearness set my vision free,
And I beheld the cliff's huge frontage wrought
With carven imagery more fair than thought.

A palace-temple buildded high it stood,
And all its lines shone lucid through the night,
Pouring their radiance o'er the unquiet flood,
Until the very wave-tops, 'neath the might
Of a new influence enchanted quite,
Sank down, content to lie and bask awhile
In slumbrous idleness before the isle.

Then had my eye full leisure to take in
The marvellous beauty of the fabric's plan,
Though still I failed to guess had Nature been
The easy builder there, or toilsome Man.
In such wild symmetry the outline ran,
Surely the forest's Architect, I said,
Hath done this thing, yet Man remembered.

Meantime, my boat across that tranquil space
Shot gently-swift towards where the eye looked
through
A porch magnificent, in all the grace
Of just proportion lifted, and to view
Like rock-ribbed Staffa's basalt avenue,
Whence issuing with wild scream the frightened gull
Seeks calm Iona o'er the waves of Mull.

But on the moment when the pointed prow
Touched soft the threshold of that portal fair,
The Voice that had been silent until now
Bade me alight and climb the gradual stair
Which in and upwards rose before me there.
“For soon,” he said, “thy footsteps must I bring
Into the very presence of the King.”

Then quickly I alighted, and I clomb,
Half-sad, half-glad, the stair, ascending slow,
In tremulous joy as one who to his home
Comes from long absence, fever-sick to know
Whether there wait within some deadening blow
Of grief untold, or whether he shall hear
The children’s laughter ringing loud and clear.

When to the topmost step I came at last,
Two massive doors in curious sculpture wrought
Swung slowly on their hinges, and I passed
Within that place. Ah, how shall I be taught
To tell in language of this earth the thought
With which that vision did my being bless,
Of pure, unutterable loveliness.

No pavement of insensate stone I trod,
But smooth and soft and beautiful it lay,
An emerald-hued, sweet, daisy-sprinkled sod,
Most like the flooring of that minster gray
Whose roofless walls stand open to the day,
Whilst chattering rooks the ivied windows throng,
And from the Wye comes back the boatman's song.

From out the turf sprang tree-like pillars tall,
Whose topmost branches interlaced o'erhead,
Made the high ceiling of that wondrous hall,
So high, the firmament itself outspread
Scarce higher seems when on his mountain bed
Amidst the heather doth the shepherd lie
And wakeful watch night's golden flock go by.

Through all the place there floated mystic light,
That seemed not born of sun, or moon, or star;
And whatsoever thing it touched, grew bright
As the snow-caps on distant mountains are,
When up their outer slope the hidden car
Of rosy morning clambers, and the pale,
Chill spectres of the mist desert the vale.

And in and out among the pillars walked
Groups of fair forms who seemed familiar there,
And to each other in low murmurs talked,
And cheerily the birds sang every where ;
And all, I knew, were joyous, for the air,
Laden with gladness, redolent of balm,
Into the very soul breathed mystic calm.

No painted blazonry the windows held,
But out through broad fenestral arches ran
Deep vistas rich with all the life of eld,
So ordered that the curious eye might scan
Whate'er had happened since the world began,
And pictured see, in true perspective cast,
The long tumultuous epic of the past.

Here frowned the rough beginnings of the earth,
Grim monsters, growths of that forgotten day
When first the brute came hideous to birth,
And wallowing, gorged with surfeit of the prey,
Dragon and saurian 'mid the rushes lay,
To watch dull-eyed the burdened storm-cloud creep
Angry and low across the untraversed deep.

Elsewhere beheld, embattled armies met,
And squadrons wheeled, and pennons shook afar ;
Here flashed the lance and there the bayonet ;
Now Greek, now Roman, drave the conquering car ;
And now the sword beat down the scimitar,
And through the cities of the sacred coast
The mailed crusader smote the Paynim host.

Then was I sad to see how all the life
That had been lived on earth was full of woe ;
How brute with brute, and man with man, at strife
Had wrought themselves perpetual overthrow ;
And the tears started. “ Shall I ever know
Pain’s mystery ? ” I asked, in querulous tone.
“ Peace,” said the Voice, “ thou hast not seen the
throne.”

With that, I turned me from the pictured past,
The griefs and glories of all time gone by,
And eastward up that presence-chamber vast
Expectant gazed, when burst upon my eye
The throne itself ; yes, lifted up and high
There stood the throne, with cloud-like glories piled,
And on it sat the King,—a little child.

A little child of form supremely fair,
All kingliness plain writ upon his face,
I could not choose but give Him homage there ;
One hand I saw a lily-sceptre grace,
And one was lift in blessing on the place.
Close to his feet a tender lamb had crept,
The lion's tawny whelp beside it slept.

As wells the sea in cool Acadia's bay,
With sudden impulse, full, majestic, strong,
Each nook and hollow flooding on its way,
Swept, while I looked, an affluent tide of song.
Far off the choirs began it, then the throng
Beneath the arches gathered caught the strain
And the loud antiphon rolled back amain.

SONG.

The weary world at war,
Too sad to sing,
Knows not how, throned afar,
The little child is King ;

But frightened kneels to pay
 A worship cold
To giant hands that may
 Such reins of empire hold.

(*Antiphon.*)

O foolish world, to lie
 And dream so ill !
O hapless man, whose eye
 Such cheating visions fill !
So, singing still, we pray,
 And praying sing,
Haste, Child, the golden day
 When all shall know Thee King.

The tramp of armies shakes
 The trembling earth,
From field and fortress breaks
 A smothered flame to birth ;
Across our tranquil light
 The flashes fly,
As on a summer's night
 Pale, voiceless lightnings die.

(*Antiphon.*)

The lips that curse shall bless.

Sad earth, at length

Thou shalt see gentleness

O'ermaster strength,

Thy multitudinous voice

Our anthem ring :

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Rejoice !

The little child is King.

.

Then to their rope the laughing sailors turned
And hove the log, while all the furrow burned
In phosphorescent splendor, and the white
Auroral spear-tops hedged the North with light.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

THE BURIAL OF LINCOLN.



HE father of a people sleeps ;
His patient toil is done.
For us accustomed watch he keeps
No more beneath the sun.

He dealt in mercy with his foes ;
He made the bondman free.
Lord, as he did it unto those
He did it unto Thee.

He braved the long tempestuous night ;
He watched the reddening sky ;
He tasted victory with the light,
Then bowed his head to die.

With booming gun and funeral bell
We've borne him to his grave,
Through the broad land he loved so well,
The land he wrought to save.

Ye prairie winds, breathe low his dirge !
 Frown, all ye mountains gray !
With mournful cadence, mighty surge,
 Beat the long coasts to-day !

Our tongues are stilled ; we only know
 The Judge of all doth right.
With tears the precious seed we sow ;
 Lord, make our harvest white !

THE LEXINGTON CENTENARY.

1775-1875.



QUEEN and crowned, who was a peasant
girl,

“This greatness wearies me,” she sighs ;

“I will forget a little while my state,

And, hiding from the eyes

That watch the throne, will creep

To where, in trellised sleep,

The darling cottage of my childhood lies.

“I thirst to taste the water of the brook,

To track once more the wildwood ways ;

My ear is hungry for the note of birds

That sang in those old days ;

And I would breathe anew

The wholesome airs that blew

Across the yellow tassels of the maize.”


O Queenly Land ! O Mother of our love !

Look back to-day beyond the years,

Look back to that sweet April of thy youth
Changeful with hopes and fears ;
A village maid once more,
Thy song of gladness pour,
And lift those clear blue eyes undimmed by tears.

Then, turning from this home where thou wast
born,
Light-hearted take again the weight
Of gems and thorns a century hath made
Thy costly crown of state.
Benignant, gently-strong,
Rule o'er us late and long,
Thou lowly one to whom God said, "Be great."

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

“HE world against me, I against the world.”
Strange words for him who just now stood
On Alexandria's throne and hurled
His thunders as he would.
But rock is not less rock, though forced at last
To fall before the beating sea ;
Nor may I be the less myself, though cast
Away from majesty.

God's truth I stand on, can I need a throne ?
Or bishop's vesture, if I feel
His mercy wrap me with a warmth its own
While at his feet I kneel ?
No, let them drive me thrice again from sway,
As they, ere this, three times have driven,
So but the Lord be at my side alway
I will deem exile heaven.

They call me haughty, of opinion proud,
Untaught to bend a stubborn will ;


Ah, little dreams the shallow-hearted crowd
What thoughts this bosom fill,
What loneliness this outer strength doth hide,
What longing lies beneath this calm
For human sympathy so long untried,
Earth's one refreshful balm.

But, more than sympathy, the truth I prize ;
Above my friendships hold I God,
And stricken be these feet ere they despise
The path their Master trod.
So let my banner be again unfurled,
Again its cheerless motto seen :
“The world against me, I against the world.”
Judge thou, dear Christ, between.

In exile, A.D. 362.

THE LAST DENIAL.

“Venio Romam iterum crucifigi.”

“EATH to the Christians.” So the edict read.

No wonder fear on all the city fell,
No wonder if the frightened people fled,
Remembering the Cæsar’s vengeance well.
But shame that Simon, named of Christ “the Rock,”
That he, their leader and their head,
Basely succumbing to the tempest’s shock,
Should, panic-struck, have fled.

But list what fell. He scarce a league had gone,—
Shame on his cheek and terror in his pace,—
When suddenly a light about him shone,
And the old Master met him face to face.
“Lord, is it thou?” the astonished Peter cried.
“And tell me, why that look of pain?”
“To Rome I go,” a mournful voice replied,
“To taste my cross again.”

“It shall not be, dear Christ, it shall not be,”
And a fire flashed beneath those eyebrows grim.
“Long since, my Saviour bore His cross for me ;
Joy were it mine to bear my cross for Him.
“Oh, think not, Lord, I have forgotten quite
The lie, the cock-crowing, the look,
Or all the terror of that woful night
When I my faith forsook.”

Then, turning slowly, steadily away,
That strong disciple set his face towards Rome.
“Farewell,” he murmured, “we must part to-day,
To-morrow greet me in thy Father’s home.”
Enough. You know the story of his death.
Bravely he met his bitter cross ;
Silent he suffered ; calmly yielded breath.
The churches mourned their loss.

TO DR. ALLEN ON THE COMPLETION
OF HIS LIFE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.



WHEN Michelangelo the great
His Moses wrought of stone,
The perfect image seemed to wait
One gift and one alone.

“Speak !” said the master. No reply
The marbled silence broke.
“Speak !” but the half-indignant cry
No tell-tale echo woke.

“Speak !” For a moment poised in air
The trembling chisel hung ;
Then at the statue, full and fair,
His weapon-tool he flung.

A happier fortune, Allen, thine ;
A defter artist thou,—
Not only skilled to match the line
Of moulded mouth and brow,

Not only masterful to tell
What only spirits knew,
And make the image wield the spell
The living presence threw ;

But bold to touch the lips which slept
And charm them to let flow
The torrent-rush that from them leapt
In loved years long ago :

A torrent-rush, yet crystal-clear
As sunlight washed by rain.
O Death, but it is good to hear
That silvery voice again !

So, first of artists, here 's to thee !
Thy Winter's Tale we praise
As his who waked Hermione
In old Sicilian days.

HARVARD.



LLUSTRIOUS Mother, nourished at thy

knee

In the far years shall children's children be.

Teach them the talisman of deathless youth,

The sweet child-temper docile to the truth.

He studies best whose manhood longest keeps

The passionate thrill that in the boy's blood leaps ;

Eyes that look out, unconscious of their glow,

Shy to be known, shall soonest all things know ;

Into the ear that listens and is taught

Shall come the music of God's whispered thought,

And him the beatific vision bless

Whose lips the hunger and the thirst confess.

MIDNIGHT ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN.



S Titans grandly throned on high,
With rock to lean on, rock to tread,
The shadowy world half-guessed below,
A cloudless firmament o'erhead,
We sat and watched the Huntress Queen,
Her raiment as a vestal's white,
Girded with retinue of stars,
Walk through the spaces of the night.

The breeze had died at set of sun,
Deep calm clad all things, flower and star.
Through the dim mists across Champlain
The sleeping mountains loomed afar.
Oh! why not to the soul of man
At such an hour come calm and peace?
Why breathes there not a voice to bid
The restlessness within him cease?

I know not; only this I know:
A gloom around the heart is curled

Whenever, more than is our wont,
We feel the mystery of the world.
The smouldering of the sunset sky,
The break of waters on the beach,
The murmur of the woods at noon,—
An untold sadness lurks in each.

We feel because we cannot feel ;
We know our helplessness to know ;
We ask, but answer cometh not,
Is Nature friend to us, or foe ?
O Mother, fair as thou art sad,
O Mother, sad as thou art fair,
Lift the dark curtain's corner once
And show us what thou hidest there !

SIMON PETER.

“Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing.”



LIKE those words rough Peter spake
That summer's evening, by the lake,
When all the rest their work forsake,

And only wander to and fro
With moans along the beach, to show
By outward motions inward woe.

All this, thought Peter, is but vain.
We cannot call to earth again
The King who hath gone home to reign.

Not thus should we lament him dead,
Who, ere he left us, gently said,
“Be ye not sad, but comforted.”

With honest labor, day by day,
I'll seek to drive this grief away
Until the Master points my way.

“I go a-fishing,” then quoth he.
His searching look struck through them. “We,”
They answered, “also go with thee.”

And so unto their toil they went,
And ere the night was wholly spent
Joy took the place of discontent.

For, just at dawn, upon the sand,
They see their risen Master stand,
And hear Him call them to the land.

That voice it is so loved of yore ;
He works a miracle once more ;
He eats with them upon the shore ;

He tells them of the coming years ;
He feeds their hopes, He chides their fears ;
His love shall wipe away all tears.

Like those disciples, oft have I —
When cares seemed heavy, danger nigh,
And only clouds athwart the sky —

Stood still and said, “Now all is o’er,
“My life goes wrong, my heart is sore,
For me there can be joy no more.”

But then I seem to hear anew
Those words of Peter, brave and true,
And stout at heart my way pursue ;

My way pursue, though dim it be,
And oft, ere morning lights the sea,
Cometh my Lord and blesseth me.

THE SURGEONS AT BULL RUN.



STRANGE work was theirs ; — upon the
edge of battle,

For hospital, a gray old church of stone,
Without, the batteries' roar, the muskets' rattle,
Within, around them, pain's low monotone.

Through aisles where never hurried step hath sounded,
Where men have walked with solemn, downward
eye,

Booted and spurred their comrades bear the wounded,
Or lay them down, perchance unwatched, to die.

Meanwhile, these bitter agonies assuaging,
The tireless surgeons labor 'mid the din,
Nor all the tumult mad about them raging
Shakes aught the calm that sits enthroned within.

But hark ! The battle turns ! The foe is on us !
A warning voice shouts hoarsely in the porch,
“ Fly, surgeons, fly ! The enemy 's upon us !
They point their howitzers against the church.

“Quick, fly ! The drums, you hear what they are
beating !

Haste ! Time is short ! Those guns begin to play !”
This answer only follows them retreating :

“ We cannot leave our wounded, come what may.”

Brave words and true. No knight of ancient story
E'er blazoned lordlier on his dinted shield,
No world-watched conqueror, athirst for glory,
E'er spake more proudly on victorious field.

Nor fell their sound uncaught by the immortals ;
But, doubt ye not, bright-winged ones, standing
near,

Bore up with echoings to the heavenly portals
Your words they heard so grandly uttered here.

And through all years, whatever may betide you,
Though blows fall thick, and evil seem the day,
One, the great Healer, still shall stand beside you,—
He never leaves his wounded, come what may.

SAINT CRISPIN.



HE court is narrow, close, and deep
Where on my bench I sew and sew ;
All round the walls rise dark and steep,
Brick here, brick there — above, below ;
On every side brick mocks my eye,
But up between two chimneys tall
There shines a little patch of sky,
And that my pleasure-ground I call.

Oh, when the sun will only shine,
There's not a man the city through
Whose heart beats merrier than mine
As here I sit and watch the blue.
For, if there sail no cloud across,
I think how deep the heavens are ;
How bright, how pure ; and what a loss
It were to never travel there.

But, if there come a sun-lit cloud,
Then greater joy is mine to trace

The foldings of each snowy shroud,
The changes of each giant face.
Anon the cloud takes on the form
Of lofty castle-walls, and then
The chill old blood within grows warm
In thinking of the deeds of men.

Sometimes dim features I descry
That mind me of a face long dead ;
And once there stood out on the sky
The maid I loved but might not wed.
Again a great cloud-cross I see,
And almost trace the form it bore ;
Oh, then I know there's love for me,
In spite of all I lost before.

And thus, though close the court and deep
Where toil I on, day after day,
Natheless I yet contrive to keep
One joy no man may take away.
For God, who rules us with his hand,
And as He will bestoweth store ;
Although He gave the rich his land
Still keep the blue heavens for his poor.

SAINT DOROTHY.

A Hermit's Story.



ULL a score of Springs have blossomed,
Full a score of Summers died,
Since the vision — so they called him —
Since the angel left my side.
And you long to hear the story?
And you fain would have me tell
Why I fled yon gallant city,
Why I love this rough-hewn cell?
Sit thee down then here beside me,
See, the fern-leaves still are wet;
Full an hour the cliff will shade us,
For the sun is early yet.

.

Strangely like this heavenly morning
Smiled the morning, years ago,
When, beside an open window,
In the noisy street below,
'Mid my parchments piled and scattered

Conning deep a cherished scheme,
 Sat I, folded in the richness
 Of a young man's morning dream.
 Many a client by the threshold,
 Watching for my leisure, stood,
 But my heart was elseway busy,
 And I bade them wait my mood.
 I would build a stately villa
 Far away without the walls;
 I would feed its lawns with fountains;
 I would crowd with art its halls.
 There, with comrades fitly chosen,
 Rare delight my soul should take,
 Peaceful as the changeless image
 Painted on an Autumn lake.
 What should care I then for clients,
 Dingy rolls, and forum's strife?
 Haste, oh haste, ye blest immortals,
 Haste to me this golden life!

 Dreaming thus, lo! on a sudden,
 Down the highway, stern and hard,
 Saw I, marching full before me,

Towards the gate, the prefect's guard.
Coldly gleamed their burnished corselets,

Whilst amid them, raised on high,
Shone the white robe of a maiden

They were bearing out to die.
Then bethought I 't was the Christian
I had seen adjudged her doom,

Yestereven, for refusing

Homage to the gods of Rome.

“Bow to Cæsar! Worship Cæsar!”

Fierce had yelled the throng about.

“Worship God!” went forth her answer,
Clearly rung above the shout.

I had stood there through the trial,

And remembered to have heard

How the maiden, when they asked her

What should yield her death reward,

Answered, “He, my Lord and Saviour,

Whom I serve and whom I love,

Keeps for all his meek and faithful

Gardens in the skies above.

There, 'mid groves of golden fruitage,

Flowers that bloom and never fall,

Walk with palms the saints who followed
Here on earth their Master's call."
Loudly laughed the mob to hear her,
Loudly laughed I with the rest,
But she only gazed the keener
Towards the cloud-bank in the West ;
And when he who sat to judge her
Cried, "To-morrow morn she dies !"
Full upon her face the sunset
Flashed from out the crimson skies.

Yes, 't was she, and I, to scoff her—
Cruel are the hearts of men—
Called from out my open window,
Called to her who passed me then,
"Maiden fair, I prythee send me,
When you've won your martyr's prize,
Fruit and flowers from the garden
Blooming there beyond the skies."
Turned she then a moment towards me,
And the roses tinged her cheek,
As she answered, "Yea, good master,
I will send you what you seek."

This was morning, early morning,—
 But the hours went idly on,
Till it came the time for feasting,
 Nigh the setting of the sun.
Then, as I with gay companions
 Lay and sipped the Chian rare,
Lo ! as true as we are living,
 Came and stood beside me there,
Clothed in white, a youth angelic,
 With a brightness in his eye
Such as almost seemed reflected
 Downward from the beaming sky.
In his hand a golden basket
 Held he, most divinely wrought,
Piled with fruit and decked with lilies
 Rich beyond a painter's thought.
“Eat,” said he. “A friend hath sent them”—
 Then it flashed upon me straight,
How the maiden, in the morning,
 Bade me for her promise wait.
Tempted by unearthly longings,
 With a hand that shook for awe,
Chose I then a purple cluster,

Fairest of the fruits I saw ;
Tasted — Oh, that moment's rapture,
Oh, that vision, when the skies,
Rolling back their gates of azure,
Burst in fulness on my eyes !
There, with steps that weirdly glided
Like the moonlight on the sea,
Walked the maiden, and beside her
One whose face was hid from me.
All around them bloomed the lilies,
All above them gleamed the fruits,
While the clusters 'mid the branches
Mocked the flowers about the roots.
All the beauty she had painted,
When she spake the eve before,
Waiting for the cruel judgment,—
All was there—and more, more, more !

Swiftly passed the vision from me,
Swiftly closed the blue o'erhead ;
Turning then to thank the angel,
Lo ! my heavenly guest was fled !

Here my story ends, good stranger.

Dost thou wonder now, I pray,
Why I left yon gallant city,

Why I love these rocks of gray ?
Dost thou wonder? Then I tell thee

I have pleasures all my own,
And I would not for a palace

Yield my little cell of stone.
I have pleasures, such as others,

Wrapt in thoughts of meats and wine,
Games and garlands, homes and villas,

Know not to be half divine.
True, it is not always heaven,—

Clouds they come and clouds they go ;
But a single flash can lighten

Dreary months of gloom and woe.
So I dwell here, careful only

How to help the poor and ill,
How to soothe the broken-hearted,

How to bid proud waves be still,
How to live that so, in dying,

I may reap her sure reward,
'Mid the fields that bloom for ever

Round the footsteps of our Lord.

BEFORE ORDINATION.



THOU callest, Lord ; I hear thy voice,
And so in meekness come.
I falter, but not mine the choice :
Thou callest : I am dumb.

I only listen : I am least
Of all, and yet I know
Thou callest me to be thy priest.
I argue not. I go.

All through the past thy hand has led ;
Grant me this day to feel
That hand in blessing on my head,
As at thy feet I kneel.

The years await me. What they hold
Thou knowest, Lord, not I.
On every side the cloud-banks fold
The edges of my sky.

But still within my ears there rings
One voice, and only one,—
All courage to my heart it brings,—
Thy will, my God, be done.

OUTWARD BOUND.



ON deck at even it is good
Alone to stand,
And in the cloud-piled West to trace
What seems a land
Where thou and I might pillowed lie
Far off from care,
Could I but take the glittering wake
And, with unfaltering step, speed out to meet
thee there.

From West to East, beneath all skies,
By day, by night,
Astern the white-winged sea-birds keep
Their tireless flight.
Far, far behind their circles wind,
And I can see
They are the sure swift prayers and pure
Thy constant heart hath sent to keep their watch
o'er me.

Fly back, ye birds, fly back, fly back
 Across the sea !
Fly home, ye patient ones, fly home,
 With words for me !
Go tell my love how all things move
 As she doth pray ;
One moment rest close on her breast ;
Then, sea-birds, poise your wings, flash sunshine,
 and away.

CRADLE-SONG.



BABY of mine, lie still, lie still,

Cover those little blue eyes so clear.

Oh, there's many the lady on yonder hill

Who would give me her necklace in change for
you, dear.

All the queen's jewels and all the king's gold

Never those apple-bloom cheeks shall buy ;

Deepest of valleys the price could n't hold,

Not if they piled it up full to the sky.

What are you dreaming of, clutching my hand,

Tiny lip curling and dimples down deep ?

Who are the friends from the far-away land

That come here each morning to brighten your
sleep ?

Baby of mine, lie still, lie still ;

Should there fall aught on me here by thy side,

Silvery wings of the angels will

Under their feathers my darling hide.

THE HILLSIDE SCHOOL.



HE builders of the elder world,
Beneath forgotten skies,
Wrought for the king the bravest thing
Their cunning could devise ;
And proudly from her lattice leaned
My lady gazing down
To watch the smoke that curled and broke
Above the straw-thatched town.

Our palace not for these we build,
Not for the few or one,
For each and all we plant this wall
To front the rising sun ;
For each, for all, for rich, for poor,
This tuneful belfry rear,
Whose music tells of her who dwells
A gracious Mother here.

For this is Wisdom's hillside home ;
To her we yield it now,—

Her, lowly-grand, of generous hand,
Clear eye, and open brow.
And while these strong foundations last,
This roof-tree spreads above,
About her knee shall clustered be
The children of her love.

Them shall she teach the new-found lore
Of earth and sun and star,
Or point their feet adown the sweet
Old paths that lead from far.
Them, loosed at last, her mother-eye
Shall watch their journey through,
None proud as she they proven be
Brave sons and daughters true.

SURSUM CORDA.



BE brave to live. Desponding heart, be
strong,—
Strong to submit, to trust, to wait ;
Our God is true, although his times be long
And hope's fulfillment late.
Hid by the misty curtain from thy view,
The years seem boundless, but a Hand
Which cannot fail shall guide thy feet all through
That undiscovered land.

Make not of work a labor. God is good.
What strength He asks, He ready stands to give.
Less by their fears, more by their love, He would
Have all his children live.
And thee He loveth ; stronger love is not ;
Earth cannot give a peace so deep.
Then calmly live, take patiently thy lot,
And God thy spirit keep.

ADVENT HYMN.



WORD of the darkness and the day,
To Thee thy waiting people pray ;
Perplexed, assaulted, hard-beset,

Faithful we grasp thy promise yet.

Dimly our home-sick eyes descry
The signs that fleck earth's sunset sky ;
But, while we strive to read aright,
The evening deepens into night.

Come, Prince of life ! Come, even so
As Thou from Olivet didst go ;
Make good the word, for honor's sake,
The twain in white apparel spake.

With cleansing fire our work to try,
Discerner of the heart, draw nigh !
Swing East, swing West, thy winnowing fan,
Till judgment throughly search out man.

So melts at last the twilight gray ;
So broadens luminous the day
When, stern to punish, swift to bless,
A King shall reign in righteousness.

SANCTUARY DOVES.



INTO the half-built church, from out a sky
That crimsoned all the West,
Came mated doves, and 'mid the rafters high
Fashioned their simple nest ;
With busy beaks, that quickly won their store,
Gleaning the treasures of the littered floor.

And there, through all the work-days' thrifty round,
Secure from touch of harm,
The brooding mother let nor sight nor sound
Her quietness alarm ;
But gazing downward on the toil and stir,
Watched the deft hands that seemed to build for her.

Within the temple's wall,—though incomplete,—
My soul seek thou thy rest,
From storms a covert, refuge from the heat,
And peace that none molest.
Dear is the freedom of the open fields,
But freest those whose nest God's roof-tree shields.

AN ANNIVERSARY IN SAINT PAUL'S
CHAPEL, EVE OF ALL SAINTS',

MDCCCLXXXII.



WITHOUT, on all the air a breath of sadness,
Dulled skies, a fading year ;
Within, a presence of mysterious gladness
Filling God's house with cheer.

Without, the hurrying feet, the horse-hoofs prancing,
The rush that will not cease ;
Within, a grave procession slow advancing
To clear-voiced songs of peace.

What wonder if the old man's footsteps falter ?
His eyes behold the dead !
They throng him, greet him, as he nears the altar
Where that far vow was said —

Vow to be gentle, patient, tender-hearted,
Vow to be firm and true.
He hath no need, ye living ! ye departed !
That promise to renew.

Now brimmed with pity, now with courage ardent
The plighted word to keep,
For half a hundred years yon eye regardant
Hath shepherded the sheep.

Father, farewell ! Ere long, in heavenly places,
Beyond the changeful years,
Perchance thou shalt these voices and these faces
Remember without tears.

FOURTH OF JULY AT YADDO.*



FLED the city's dusty heat,
The swirl and stir I left behind,
And far to northward sought retreat
More truly to my mind.

The pines my lullaby should sing,
From senseless noise I would be free,
And only birds and brooks should bring
Their song to waken me.

And so it comes that here, to-day,
In Yaddo's oriel-round I lie,
And letting fancy freely stray
Recall that old July.

For these are sacred fields that spread
Their daisy-sprinkled carpet here,
And yonder height once felt the tread
Of feet that knew no fear.

* A country-house near Saratoga, with a distant view of the scene of Burgoyne's Surrender.

That darker line beyond the wood
Tells where the patriot forces lay,
Off to the left the red-coats stood
And fought their losing day ;

Nor faltered, till across the trench
Leapt Arnold, passion-swift to join
His rough-clad regiments and wrench
The battle from Burgoyne.

Dear Yaddo, when I think on thee
I would my land were as thou art,
Yes, that it might, through ages, be
Thy very counterpart.

Here Wisdom dwells a guest divine,
And Hope stands tip-toe on the stair,
And sweet-voiced Poesy by sign
Is present everywhere.

With murmurous voice the fountain sings,
Along the floor slow sunbeams creep,
While angels twain with outspread wings
Their silent love-watch keep.

Nay, best, my Lady in her tower,
As in the body dwells the soul,
Sits, half unconscious of her power,
Calm regent of the whole.

Yes, O my Country, would thy life
Like Yaddo's might for ever be
By loving-kindness freed from strife,
Through righteousness made free.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.



CROSS the bar, at set of sun,

With gentle motion, tranquil, slow,

Her harbor gained, her voyage done,

I see the stately vessel go.

A glory strikes her from afar,

Deep crimson lights her masts enfold ;

Gleams, silver-pointed, every spar,

And all her sails are cloth of gold.

I see the friends along the shore,

I hear their voices full and clear,—

“ Good ship ! Good ship ! Thy toils are o’er.

Soul, find thy rest. Cast anchor here.”

Well-earned the greeting ; earned the rest.

Pilot divine, whom winds obey,

To us who still the billows breast

Like entrance grant at close of day.

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